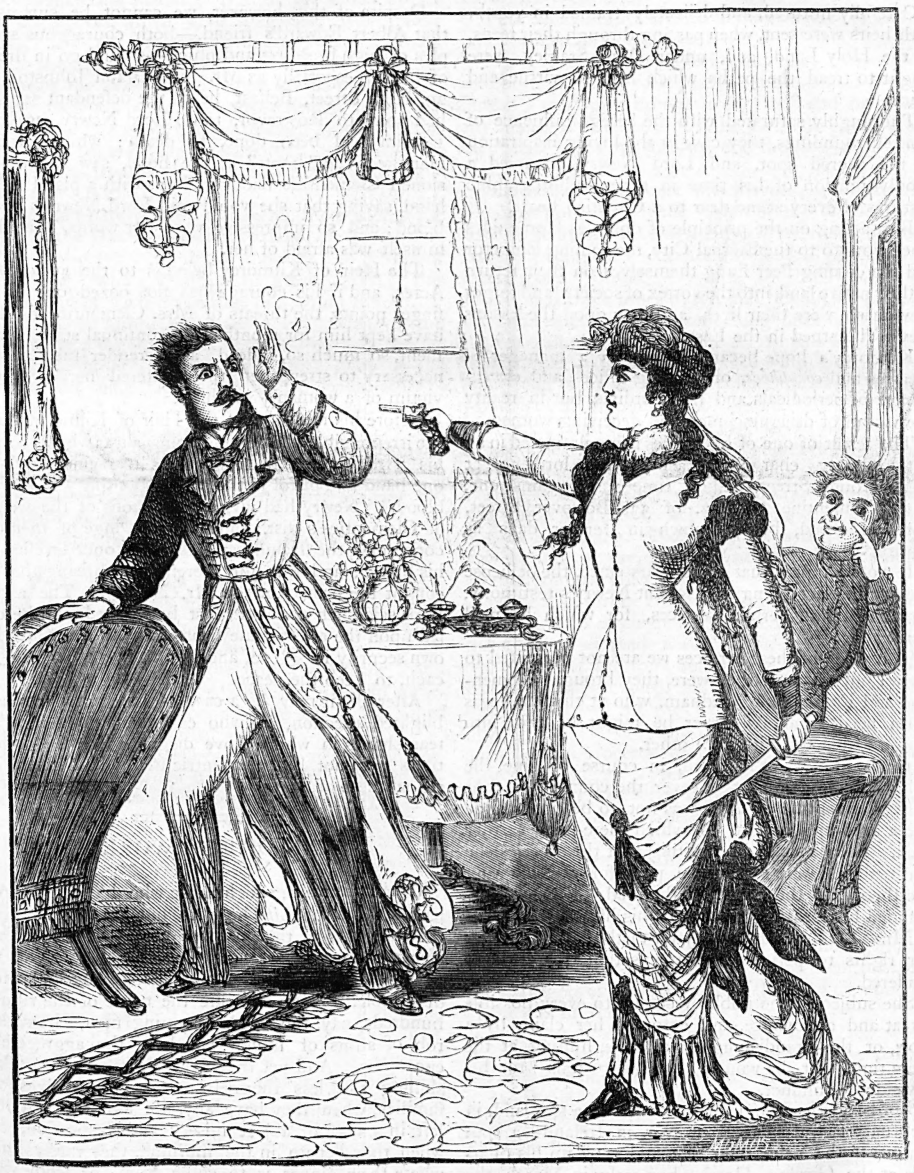
LONDON LIFE.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 8. LONDON JULY 12th, 1879. ONE PENNY.



THE WICTIM WISCOUNT AND THE WICIOUS WOMAN.

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Viscount Newry, heir to the Earldom of Kilmorey, in the peerage of Ireland, is a confiding young sprig of the upper ten thousand, who has more than once, in his brilliant if brief career, as a man about town, been the victim of misplaced confidence.

The oft-fleeced Viscount is one of the bosom friends of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and like his erratic and erotic master, has had a weakness for the fair sex, to whom he has paid "suit and service," at a cost which we may not name, and with a varying success, which is the assigned lot of him who places his trust in woman.

Carefully nutured, and delicately trained in youth, both heirs were sent, when passing through their teens, to the Holy Land, and, under Dean Stanley, were taught to tread the paths which lead to virtue and peace.

Thoroughly saturated with the benign influence of their surroundings, they caught the loving inspiration of the sacred spot, and Lord Newry occupied a goodly portion of his time in taking photographic pictures of every scene dear to a Christian heart.

But, acting on the principle of doing as Rome does when you go to the Eternal City, the coming Emperor and the coming Peer flung themselves, on their return to their native land, into the vortex of society, and forgot how chaste were their lives, and how good the lessons they had learned in the East.

Kilmorey's hope became nominally a manager of theatres and *coryphées*, of printing offices, and *comediennes*, of periodicals and frail Perditas, but in reality the victim of designing men and deceiving women.

The result of one of his fancies has culminated in an extraordinary charge, made by his lordship at Marlborough Street, a short time since, against one, Mrs. Clementine Bradley, of 33, Bolsover Street, Portland Road, better known in former days as Norton Street.

It would appear that some years since, the bellicose Clementine, according to Viscount Newry's testimony, "rendered him certain services, for which he paid her."

The value of these services we are not permitted to know; but whatever they were, they brought Clementine and Frank Jack Needham, who at that time was not a needy man, whatever he might be now, into close relationship with each other.

From motives of his own, in course of time, the noble Viscount sought to sever the connection; but Mrs. Clementine Bradley was not to be flung aside like a used-up garment, for which there is no further need. She persisted in asserting that the services she had rendered were still to be paid for, and adopting the theory of the knight of the road, Clementine demanded his lordship's money or his life.

Mrs. Bradley had a playful method of asserting her rights to periodical compensation for services rendered.

She subjected the noble Viscount to every possible threat and annoyance, and enforced her claim by a blow, or the brandishing of a knife, hinting, at the same time, that she would have his "witals" for his "wicious" conduct.

Lord Newry thought to give her the slip, and, in February last, went to Rostrevor, in Ireland—a spot famous in the Yelverton case—and took up his quarters at the Gordon Hotel; but early in March, the irrepressible Clementine was on his track, and in consequence of "information received" from the manager of the hotel, and the contents of a letter found in one of the rooms, his Lordship became much terrified, and removed to a place of secrecy and safety, until he found Mrs. Bradley had levanted to Warren Point and Newry, in hopes of finding the missing one at either of those places.

Clementine had a friend with her at the Victoria Hotel, Newry; and in his fear and tribulation Lord Newry told the police there were "two prostitutes there, and that they ought to be watched." This was a very lordly description of a cast-off flame, the more so as his timid lordship afterwards visited Mrs. Bradley in London, probably in Bolsover Street, or some other "prostitutes'" rendezvous.

Despite of this, however, we cannot be surprised that Albert Edward's friend,—both courageous samples of high breeding and pluck—should go in dread of his life, especially as Mr. John Dixon Johnston, of 29, High Street, Belfast, heard the defendant say she had gone to Rostrevor, to do Lord Newry, as Lord Leitrim had been done, to death; whilst Patrick Hamilton, the "boots" at the hotel, saw the impassioned Clementine dancing about with a pistol in her hand, saying that she would spill Lord Newry's noble blood; and so impressive were her words, that Pat himself was afraid of her.

The Heir of Kilmorey belongs to the *genus* Bob Acres, and if his courage has not oozed out of his finger points, the threats of Mrs. Clementine Bradley have kept him for months in a continual state of ferment, so much so, indeed, as to render medical aid necessary to strengthen the shattered nerves of the victim of a woman's wrath.

Before his mind's eye, the Heir of Kilmorey kept the irrepressible Clementine doing a war whoop round his "frail carcase of fragile clay," carrying knife in one hand and pistol in the other, shouting "money or blood." Newry had vivid recollections of the weight of Clementine's fist, and a sharp twinge of memory concerning the flashing steel she had once levelled at his breast; and it is not, therefore, surprising that he sought the protection of Mr. Newton. The astute beak said such conduct must be stopped, and he called upon the affectionate Clementine to enter into her own security in £100, and to find two others in £50 each, to keep the peace.

After all, it may be a case of unrequited love and blighted affection, for who can say, among the Protean shapes in which Love disguises itself, Clementine's may not be an eccentric method of displaying the softness of her heart.

MEN OF THE WORLD.

Of all the pests, which those who have any experience of *London Life* have to put up with, perhaps the existence of that class of men who impudently arrogate to themselves the title of "Men of the World," is at once the most dangerous and most despicable. These men are the cause of the ruin of hundreds, nay, thousands of young men, whom they rob of sums of money, which in the aggregate is enormous. And yet they never have, so to speak, a shilling to bless themselves with, their wives and families, when they have any, are almost invariably left in a state of abject misery and destitution, and when they get up in the morning, they rarely know where their dinner is to come from, or from what quarter is to spring "the mug," as they designate

the simpleton they fleece, who is to provide them with the means of getting through the day.

Although the "Men of the World" have one object common to them all, namely, that of fraudulently obtaining money from weak simpletons, who either can not or dare not appeal to the arm of the law, for protection, yet they have various degrees and orders amongst them. Perhaps the lowest of all is the "confidence trick" man, and the aristocracy of the order may be said to be led by the man who took a great house in Mayfair, and with the aid of a well-known money lender, in one night eased the son of the richest Jew in the world of nearly fifty thousand pounds. Of course it was a game "he did not understand," and equally, of course, he smiled "with a smile that was childlike and bland." But the Heathen Chinee "In his sleeves, which were long, had twenty-four packs," and the present European costume would render such concealment somewhat difficult, but our "Man of the World" was equal to the occasion, he merely made his friend, the money lender, apparently beastly drunk, and let him go to sleep on the sofa, or seem to do so, and that answered the same purpose.

These two have been pretty close friends and neighbours ever since.

They can hardly afford to quarrel, there is only the width of the Haymarket divides them.

These two are examples of the very few "Men of the World" who ever attain to great wealth. But with a haul of such magnitude one would think they could almost afford to cease to be "Men of the World," and become virtuous.

Next in order to these very great guns of the guilty guild, come that class, who, in splendid attire of the latest and most fashionable cut, attend all the principal race meetings, and when not so engaged pass the whole of their time in the new fashioned magnificently fitted-up restaurants, which of late years have cropped up so plentifully, perhaps too plentifully, in the West-End.

These are, perhaps, the most dangerous of their class.

If a man with an income greater than that of a Royal Prince chooses to allow himself to be made the dupe of a couple of vulgar sharps, and loses an amount large indeed, but still one which does not seriously embarass him, the only condolence that I should offer him would be "that having paid somewhat dearly for his experience, it was to be hoped that he would profit by it."

But these minor satellites of the order are unceasingly on the watch for unwary youths, whose ignorance and self conceit render them an easy prey to these harpies.

I am glad to be able to chronicle the fact that the proprietor of a well known restaurant, not far from Sackville Street, has made very short work of these gentry.

His head waiter was in league with a gang of these wretches, and one of the ways in which they victimised his customers was by the waiter giving them the "correct tip," as to what horse was going to win, the principal race of the day, and then introducing them to a "highly respectable" bookmaker with whom they might back the "stiff un."

Many a youth, although he might not be foolish enough to accept and act upon such disinterested advice, would content himself by telling the waiter not to obtrude his advice where it was unsought.

Fortunately, however, on one occasion, they got hold of a young officer, who resented the impertinent attempt to rob him, and at once brought the matter to the notice of the proprietor, who after thanking his customer for his information, turned the waiter out there and then, and the "Men of the World" with him, and he has kept a pretty sharp look out ever since, in case any member of the fraternity should pay his establishment a visit.

But although in this house a young gentleman can have his glass of sherry and sandwich, feeling perfectly sure that there is no one laying in wait to try and rob him, we have to go but a very few yards eastward, to another palatial mansion, and there we find that "Men of the World" absolutely swarm.

It is popularly supposed that the best dressed man in the gang lives there entirely, this, however, is not the case, but he is there as soon as the house opens, and never leaves it until it is closed, and therefore it is hardly to be wondered at that such a report should have gained currency.

This man is always dressed in the extreme of fashion and is constantly on the look out for "flats."

It is a favourite expression of his that, "there is a fool born into this world every minute, and it is hard lines if I can't pick up one every day," and he generally manages to do so; but the days do come when the "flat" does not turn up, and then it is a very bad time with him.

But perhaps the most mischievous, and certainly the most gorgeous, of the "Men of the World," who used to frequent these new-fangled west-end palaces, has been compelled to retire awhile from public gaze.

He was a "Count" [illegible]ooth, and used to change his raiment three times a day, and heaven knows how often in the evening, and on calling once on a gentleman at an hotel, not far from St. Alban's Place, I was told he was particularly engaged with Count Val—something or other, I can't recollect the exact title the rogue had the impudence to assume.

"What," said I, "you don't mean to say that you allow 'Flash Fred.' here?" and I don't think he went to that establishment much oftener.

But "Flash Fred." would not draw the prudent line which would have kept him outside the clutches of the criminal law. Not satisfied with robbing, he, I was going to say, took to writing, but he couldn't do that, but he got a pal to do it for him.

He received from a Captain, in a well-known Lancer regiment, a small cheque in payment of a bet which that officer had made with him, in ignorance of his real character, and too good use he made of it. He had it carefully copied, and he managed to get his imitation cashed by the bankers on whom it was drawn, but he did not have the opportunity of spending the proceeds of his ingenuity, but instead, retired to spend a few years in in a mansion which is more extensive, although perhaps hardly as luxurious as the one wherein he found his customers.

The proprietors of these immense establishments cannot be ignorant of the true character of these people, who constantly throng their houses.

Where these fellows go, detectives are sure to follow, but can take no notice so long as there is no overt breach of the law. But their presence ought, of itself, if any proof was required, be sufficient to satisfy the managers of these places that they had disreputable characters on the premises.

A youngster coming up to town for a few weeks during the season, on entering one of these palatial looking mansions, fitted up with all the appliances of a West-end Club-house, is little aware that he is walking straight into the lion's den, and that if he emerges from thence unscathed, it must be either because he has nothing to lose, or because he is imbued with an amount of natural shrewdness and common sense, which is not usual with boys who are *not* "Men of the World."

NOTICE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—*"London Life" will be forwarded by post for six months on receipt of stamps or P.O.O. for 3s 3d. Post office orders to be made payable to* HENRY PEARCE, *at Ludgate Circus.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is requested that all communications on literary matters may be addressed to the Editor, and those on business to the Publisher, 15, Harp Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.*

D. E. D. (Lewes).—Much obliged for the "wheezes." Hope you will send more, and let us know what is going on in your village.

PUGILIST (Hampton).—In reply to yours, there will be a new sporting paper published next week, "*The Tip*," which will give you all the information you desire.

SPITEFUL (Brixton Road).—We do not know how many lies go to a bushel. Very likely 251,614; but you had better ask the Hebrew who resides near you.

CARROTS (G.P.O.).—You are quite right. It is very wrong to slander the badly paid sorters. Oh, that we were "Rich," this should not be.

PICTORIAL.—We quite agree with your remarks in reference to the halfpenny journal, which cries down the very boys who uphold it. "Squib" is *the* man.

LONDON LIFE.

SATURDAY, JULY 12TH, 1879.

HOT SPICE

HURRAH FOR THE ROAD! This audibly, as, seated on the box seat of the Sevenoaks coach, behind a splendid team of horses, and by the side of the jovial driver, I settled down to enjoy myself with a fragrant weed, and contemplate the beautiful country, we pass through, thoughts flitting through my poor brain of a ride taken in the same direction a few years ago, in company with honest Tom Miller, author of "Gideon Giles," &c., Ted Schilling, and other choice spirits.

* *

A lovely morning, My Master.—This to my companion, as we pass through Farnborough.

* *

Yes, indeed, it is a lovely morning, and all the more agreeable after the heavy downfall of rain we have had of late.

* *

We had by this time arrived at the "George and Dragon," an hotel not held in such repute as in the old coaching days. Cleanliness and selling good liquor not being so much attended to or thought of as in former days.

* * *

On towards Sevenoaks, catching a glimpse of the famous Knockholt Beeches, and beguiling the time by opening up a conversation with my fellow passengers.

* * *

Reaching Sevenoaks after a rapid journey I bethought me of strolling through Chevening Park to take up my abode for a few at the "Three Horse Shoes," Knockholt, where I know I shall not be disturbed by any wandering minstrels or German band.

* * *

Safely ensconced—in easy chair—in the well remembered old-fashioned parlour, I'll open my wallet, take out my notes, and tell ye the news of the town.

No doubt you will notice that our good artist, who is ever watchful, has limned your Jester's likeness, and you will also notice that in this one he has omitted the Wreath I have hitherto worn. Well you see that in consequence of Lord Beaky's refusal to accept Tracy Turn-'em-Silly's Gold Wreath, the fool thinks it high time to now throw off his wreath, as it has well answered his purpose.

* * *

The freedom of the Grocers' Company of the City of London, and a stick of sugar candy, also some plums, was formally presented on Tuesday to the Earl of Beaconsfield, who gracefully acknowledged the honour conferred upon him.

* * *

As suggested in No. 1, a good sketch called the "Gold-Wreath" might be written by Clement Scott, or if he is busy I dare say Walter Burnot or Fred. Perry would fill in the songs for him. It would go well at the Aquarium.

* * *

Tracy would possibly sell the wreath cheap, if out of pawn.

* * *

Poor man! The Clerk of the Peace for Surrey, Mr. R. H. Wyatt (the name is given in full for philanthropic motives) is in deep distress through insufficiency of salary. At least it may be imagined so, as he wants more, a cool £500 per annum extra. Would you believe it, that all he gets at the present time is £2,241 per annum. Shameful! It is true, according to Viscount Middleton (whom Jester doffs his cap to in sincere respect, that no other civil servant gets so much, except a Cabinet Minister or a Judge. But that's no matter. It's more too than any other Clerk of the Peace gets, except in Lancashire. But that's no matter. Mr. Hardman thinks he ought to get more, so he is not so hard, after all, as his name implies, and some poor fools may imagine, at any rate in a friendly cause. Thousands of destitute people are at the present time starving, or nearly starving, in London, and this gentleman wants a rise. Poor Oliver Twist asked for more, and so did poor Mr. Wyatt. Poor Oliver got it hot, but the other what he wanted.

* * *

Jester intends shortly to cause a committee of enquiry to be held, concerning other salaries besides that of poor Mr. Wyatt. Look out.

* * *

By-the-bye how are county court salaries arranged, sub-arranged, and sub-sub-arranged; divided, sub-divided, and sub-sub-divided. The poor fool would like to know. So much for issuing, so much for hearing, so much for executions, so much for judgments, and so, so, so! Certainly the working bailiffs get more kicks than ha'pence for their share of expenses, or, to speak more accurately, more "bobs" htan tanner.

* * *

I see a certain publication, well known for *the truly delicate and refined nature* of its tone, appears to fear being mistaken for *London Life* by the police. It need not be in the least alarmed, for we have no desire to compete with a paper so famous for its contempt of all social laws, as the subjects it treats of are such that we should not deem it decent to mention, let alone to publish them. People living in glass houses should not throw stones, but some excuse may be made for its abuse of us, as success always creates jealousy. Take Jester's advice, leave us alone, or it may be the worse for you.

* * *

The "obstructionists" continue to do good service in mitigating if they have not been able to abolish the horrors of the lash. They certainly lashed the government most unsparingly on Friday morning last, and if Mr. Sullivan had had the sealed pattern "cat" in his hands, and literally laid it on the backs of certain members of the government, it would perhaps have endued them with a little more consideration for our soldiers. But he did pretty smartly with a weapon he knows very well how to use, and that is his tongue.

* * *

There has been a lot of chatter about the police and the public lately. Here's another example! Please draw the contrast. In a certain street, leading from Wandsworth Road to South Lambeth, one night there was a terrible fight with some men. The police were informed of the fact, but said, let them fight, and disappeared from the scene, moving off in the opposite direction. The following Sunday afternoon, a gang of roughs were illusing a lunatic; no police were seen or heard for an hour, but, a few days after, a little boy was "run in," and fined half-a-dollar, for throwing a stone and trying to hit a post in the same street. The police on that beat make sure of picking a good mark before they meddle with affairs.

* * *

Plaster of Paris is now being used as a cure for horses with sore shoulders, and is highly recommended for that purpose by a City Marshall,—tip for Wiggy.

* * *

Music in B flat we suppose is in accordance with the tastes of D— Fools, but for D— Rogues always B sharp. (The *sharper* the better for London rogues.

So the Argyll has risen again, but under another name, the Promenade Concerts held at the Westminster Aquarium on Saturday nights are nothing but a "resurrection of the Duke's," as most of the demi-monde and old habitués of that famous Casino are to be seen there.

* * *

APROPOS OF THE AQUARIUM.—I hear that the management have desired all the stall-keepers to dress in black, and wear no jewellery, as they are so circumspect in this matter the least they can do is to provide the costumes, as such an outlay is hard upon the poor girls, who don't seem to do much business.

* * *

How grateful the Society for the Prevention of Vice ought to be to a certain paper whose "professed" object is to expose vice and thus repress it." The desire of making money has, of course, nothing to do with the publication of this delicate periodical. It is indeed refreshing to observe such disinterested efforts!!

* * *

Lord John Manners does not know every thing about his department. Were he to pay more frequent visits to his official residence, doubtless he would put an end to the almost intolerable tyranny which is practised on some of the sorters by those in authority over them. More especially is this sort of thing practised in the newspaper department.

* * *

The ladies who serve behind the bar at the "Canterbury" are very nice; they do not object to a little fun, whether it be in Chinese hieroglyphics, or in spicy verses. Bye-the-by, you should go and see Miss Long, but go before eleven, as the Husband arrives about that time,

* * *

"The Grove" at Dulwich is a very pleasant place on a summer's evening; it is very respectable, and no drunken people are to be seen there. However, some of the amorous couples that frequent the place, should keep more in the shade under the trees, or else take refuge in the secluded arbours of the "Greyhound."

* * *

I understand that the St. George's Vestry, Southwark, are about to erect lavatories near the "Elephant and Castle," and we are also informed that the "Champion" Barber of Newington Causeway has sent in a tender to use the same as a wash and brush-up establishment, *a la* Faulkner.

* * *

"Snowball's" husband is highly gratified at the notice touching her in last week's number, and says he will see that the gin is well diluted with water, also look after the grocer's bill, and see that Hollands or whiskey are not sent in instead of tea. If he does, that will be a Tea-sir for "Snowball."

* * *

Surely the proprietors of the D. T. must have some friends in the servants' hall at Chiselhurst, otherwise it is impossible they could obtain their trivial information on matters of no moment. Hebrew curiosity, no doubt, on their part.

* * *

Labby was seen in the Divorce Court on Friday; no doubt he wished to refresh his mind with more scandal to sell his paper. The law has not smiled on *Truth* lately, has it?

* * *

Judging from his personal appearance, methinks Labby must be descended from the Hebrew race; perhaps from the Wandering Jew himself, as he has been known to wander from *Truth*.

* * *

It was, I believe, generally understood that H.I.H. the Prince Imperial, on leaving England for Zululand, was to be attached to Lord Chelmsford's Staff, and yet, strange to say, Lord Chelmsford was entirely ignorant of the sad expedition upon which the Prince was sent with so slight an escort; this was *the second* of the kind upon which he was sent. Nothing can be more culpable than the conduct of those whose duty it was to see that the Prince was attended by a proper escort.

* * *

This final blunder testifies more fully to the continued mistakes made by the most incompetent General who ever commanded an English army, in the annals of our history. We are glad to learn that Lieutenant Carey is to be tried by court martial. But should be still more glad to hear that Lord Chelmsford was.

* * *

If the Prince Imperial was not officially attached to the General's Staff, how is that when he met with his death "he was acting under the Quartermaster General's orders." Here is a nut for a distinguished Commander-in-Chief to crack!!

* * *

It "would be a very slight change from the Motley to the Red Coat, Hat and Feathers, so why not make a Commander-in-Chief of

JESTER.

FIREWORKS.

Although teetotally inclined, I had a good dose of "Drink" the other night. I had it hot at the Princess's Theatre. If I had it "warm" in the stalls, I do not know what it must have been in the crowded gallery. Amongst other noticable features are the speeches of Gouget (Mr William Rignold), who gives Mr. Gough a long start; the acting of that young lady of double life, Phœbe Sage (Miss F. Leslie), who Sage-ly works by day and sings in a Music Hall by night; and the fact that the principal harm perpetrated by the characters at the commencement is not done by drink, but by water, which Gervaise (Miss A. Roselle) and Virginie (Miss A. Murray) throw over each other in bucketfulls. On the pro-programme are capital titles for two comic songs: "Why wouldn't you take your Soup at Home?" and the reply, "I like it out of Papa's Can." Mr. Charles Warner is the drunkest drunkard I ever saw. and he proves how much better it is to be an Englishman and get boozed on four half, than to drink French brandy and bad claret till you have D. T. The scaffold scene is evidently meant to show the folly of being a teetotaller, for it is then that he falls from the scaffold and gets nearly smashed—that is the water smash—the "brandy smash" follows. When that arrives, Mr. Charles Warner enacts the horrors to the life, or rather to the death. I need not enlarge on the mounting of the piece, which is superb; the acting, which is magnificent, or the care bestowed upon the production by Mr. Harry Jackson, who is eating his head off at the back of the stage, and longing to appear in every part. Bravo! Mr. Walter Gooch. Hurrah! Mr. Charles Reade. When a few more houses bring out adaptations of L'Assommoir, you will perhaps favour the public with a few "Saxon" letters about "thieves and pirates."

* * *

I went in a balloon to see the Agricultural Show at Kilburn, it was the only way to get there, but the clouds were so full of water, that I had to come down in a parachute to avoid being drowned in the skies. I lost one of my top boots, and went about from tent to tent. paddling my own canoe, which I bought from an enterprising gentleman, who had brought a ship load into the show for sale. The men and drags of the Royal Humane Society saved many lives. Never mind, better luck next year. The Prince of Wales faced all the dangers, and behaved like the thorough Briton he is.

* * *

Next door to the St. George's Church, in the Boro', is a sanctimonious barber, who, at the corner of the Dover Road, has this placard outside his "Barbarium:"

"TIME IS SHORT"
"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!"
"WASH AND BRUSH-UP, 2d."

This in eighteen-inch letters. Truly a shaver of beards and a saver of souls. No wonder the church is cracking in pieces in disgust at such blasphemy and barber-ity. I wouldn't go into that shop for fear of being "clean shaved."

* * *

Charles Collette has colletted his "Cryptoconchordsyphonostomato," and plays it, in conjunction with Mr. Balfour, at the Oxford. Rouse, the chairman, has had the announcement in rehearsal for a fortnight, and was nearly perfect on Monday evening. The entertainment was a success.

* * *

Mr. Fred. Coyne is making a big hit with the plaintive poem, entitled, "We Mourn with Eugenie." It is published by Howard and Co., with Music by Vincent Davies (price 6d.). The words are by Mr. Walter Burnot; and it is splendily illustrated with a lithograpic portrait of the late Prince Louis Napoleon.

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If the new Elephant and Castle Theatre wants to do better business it must put better "business" on the boards. P'raps the adaptation of L'Assommoir may have the desired effect. At present "one dose is all that is required."

* * *

I again want to know what has become of the £16 balance left from the benefit at the "Agri." for the Druty Lane Employés. And if nothing has become of it what is going to be done with it. Mr. Sleap tells me the cash is at Bermondsey, if so let the "tanners" be divided amongst those who, at loss of time, trouble, and expense performed at the "Ben." That seems to me to be the general desire. Some of the money was kept "D'Arc."

* * *

The daughters of Mr. W. Harvey (Harvey and Conolley), and of Mr. Jonghmans, are about to try their fortunes as duettists. I have heard a rehearsal, and advise managers to look out for two young ladies who can sing and dance *well*.

* * *

Not long since, a lady of fashion was urging upon her admirer the necessity of an immediate elopement, but with the wisdom of the serpent, he rejoined that "at present, *ma belle*, it would be worse than a crime; it would be an error."

SQUIB.

PRETTY WIDOWS.

If any persons are ever cursed by bereavement they are widows, for not only do they suffer in fact, but in opinion, as if their loss rather than being an unavoidable and serious misfortune, was ever a subject of suspicion, reflecting discredit upon their sacred obligations. Indeed, although the world does not go so far as to impute their mischance to design, or arraign them upon any charge in the imaginative code of humanity, yet does it not by imputation, advance the construction that, if not the direct cause, they are in some mysterious manner, accessory to the fact, which divides, naturally speaking, the most momentous epoch of their lives?

The term widow, in its general acceptation, is one of reproach. Ever objects of satire their lives are construed in unfavourable lights; the murky clouds which enshrouded them at one fell hour, in impenetrable gloom, are charged with venom, and like objects blasted with the electric current they never recover their former verdure. Irresistible they may be in personal attractions. Why these very charms are shrunk from as sirens' allurments. Gentle in deportment they shall appear, and be branded as subtle hypocrites. Grace and sensibility may blend harmoniously, and be viewed as dangerous beacons of destruction. And even the low soft tones of womanly sympathy, which balm the lacerated heart, and soothes tumultuous passion, lack in them medicinal properties; for one fact remains which disqualifies merit, and that is, they are widows. Judged then, thus, in their most favourable attributes, the odium attached to their ill favoured sisterhood is somewhat sad to contemplate. Dreary indeed is that path which such are compelled to follow alone, after travelling so far in chosen company. Every stage they reach, but opens up fresh prospects of continual barrenness, and like solitary travellers lost in unmeasurable wilds, every succeeding day they wander diminishes hope, until, at last, they sink, sick at heart, crushed in despair. Lost in London is an appalling circumstance, the terrible nature of which many experience, and if any contemplation is ever calculated to awaken tenderness, it must be for those condemned to exist when hope has fled. The frail virgin that errs is ever an object of commisseration, for from that moment the sunny passages of her life are blighted for ever; but blacker far appears the horizon to the poor creature, who from one loss finds herself—alone.

Life in its endless variety is a study which no ability, or application, can follow to its minutest particulars, for any one phase of it taxes the observation and conception to the very extent of realisation. Nay, its mysteries baffle us even here, for pry we ever so closely into nature we never obtain a clear survey, but have to be content with faint gleams of intelligence, as the highest reward of pertinacious assiduity; and in describing it we are as much indebted to the imagination, or remembrance, as the impressions reflected upon our minds are so vague, that from what we perceive, we laboriously struggle to trace what is; therefore no picture we now paint can be perfect, for our task in the selection of such a subject is not mechanical, but metaphysical, and even here we may but skim the surface, for who can delve the minds of pretty widows,—vain, vain, must ever be the attempt—they are inscrutable; and every effort we make to sound their depth but leaves us floundering in unfathomable waters. Pursue them one way, and they double on you the other, head them across, and they foil you at the angle, you may start them on the scent, but never run them to earth, for if any creatures are thoroughly perfect in the gallant art of self defence, they are "pretty widows."

A good artist may cleverly reproduce a beautiful face, but never render its variable expressions, and so equally impossible is it to limn their minds, however often they may sit for your study. They are as full of tricks as monkeys, as frolicsome as colts, as artful as foxes, and as immutable as owls, and until you are able to compete with all these characteristics in the aggregate, don't endeavour to understand them, else the end of your quest will certainly result in amazement.

But although our knowledge extends so far as to comprehend them somewhat superficially, for to do more is as impossible as to transmit "London Life," to the Man in the Moon, still our aim is not so cynical as to impute their arts to sinister motives; neither do we intend to run in the ruck of popular opinion, which, acting on the adage "give a dog a bad name and hang him," would consign them to the ordeal of universal opprobrium. In arguments at law, we often find that their status militates against their chances of success, for prejudice is a powerful factor in determining verdicts, especially in considerations of affection. The twelve wise men who sit bobbing and nodding, like a row of scarecrows in a puff of wind, selected to determine a suit, in which a pretty widow figures as leading character, in a legal farce, are seldom proof against the potent spell of witchcraft, which circles around her cause, for surely truth cannot emanate from where grace has fled; and so they sagely shake their knowing heads at all her pleas, laugh with opposing counsel, play possum with the judge, and show their understanding in judgment dead against her. And as in law, so in society. A widow is a butt, against which is hurled the collective force of general wit, which sights her for a target. Can it therefore be wondered at, considering the odds against her, that our fair bereaved brings into play her combative arts, and like hedgehogs when assailed, turns all her pricks against every point of vantage? Pooh! We blame her not, but rather admire the generalship which strikes the enemy at every vulnerable point, and hurls them back discomfitted.

Admitting their faults, we recognise their rights, and whilst disdaining to join in the hue and cry, watch humorously the sport of keen retaliation. Widows, if sometimes knaves, are seldom fools, and why we should blame them for not being such we are at a loss to determine.

Having thus far glanced at the effect, let us now endeavour to understand the cause of the suspicion that haunts, and the reproach which follows them, and herein we have not very far to trace, for reflection discovers its source to flow from the joint tributaries of knowledge and liberty—a knowledge of man, and uncontrolled liberty of action. Liberty at all times is a dangerous possession, where it not ruled by judgment, and, in their case, is peculiarly seductive, for their position is like that of slaves, who, after long servitude, are suddenly dazed with freedom. Is it therefore surprising that they are bewildered at first, and then hilarious? and being possessed of the secret of matrimony, that it should prey upon their understanding. Consider, too, their nature, so prone to lean, so little endowed to rule, born to submit, and never meant to sway, and think whether they are not like ships at sea rudderless, the sport of every chance, and then judge of their courses. Young and handsome, their persons are desired, but seldom honourably; rich, their wealth; and if both are allied, they are pursued by a hungry pack of unscrupulous fortune hunters, who never give them pause, but press them

so closely in the chase that not an hour elapses but what some cur bays them, or fawns around with flattery; and where is their protection, but in their own innate instinct of natural self-preservation? And who shall rate them for its exercise? Yet, poor fools, at last their arts are naught, for while they toy with each allurement, they are caught at length by sheer persistency.

PLATONIC LOVE.

Perhaps a more false and delusive theory of love was never brought into existence than that introduced by the great Greek philosopher (whose name it bears) to his pupils, which, even after the lapse of centuries, still continues to hold its place in Society, and which accomplishes a more incalculable amount of mischief than does this so-called School of Platonics.

Little did Plato ever dream, in handing down this theory to his scholars, the vast amount of misery he was laying up for unborn generations, by this peculiar and altogether unnatural exposition of one of the most powerful and ruling passions imparted into the breast of mankind. His great idea was that a refined and spiritual affection might supersede the more animal and sensual passions, but he seems entirely to have ignored the fact that that an All-wise Power had implanted strongly in human nature those instincts which he considered to favour more of brute creation than that of mankind.

Like most great enthusiasts, he took a one-sided view of the matter; such ideas as he entertained upon this important subject might be all very well for those who had arrived at the downward stage of life, but totally unsuited to the youth and vigour of rising manhood. Subjugation of the passions is all that can be desired, but it is a dangerous folly to endeavour to substitute platonic for natural feelings of affection.

Let us now take a glance at the effects of the Platonic System upon Modern Society, and the disastrous consequences entailed by such self-deception. Like a wolf in sheep's clothing, it steals its way, and under the garb of Virtue destroys its victims before they themselves are aware of it. Many and many a fair name which has successfully withstood the destroyer's burning declarations of undying affection, has subsequently succumbed to the insidious wiles of Platonism. For having the reputation of being "innocent," women are apt to consider that they are doing no wrong by mentioning this "pure feeling," and it is not until on the very brink of destruction that they realise the fiendish vice, masked by the semblance of virtue to which, until too late, they have lent an all willing ear.

The baneful effects of this abominable hypocrisy are now and again disclosed in their true colours in the Divorce Court, but yet in spite of such exposés people remain blind to one of the greatest delusions and snares which beset their path, and so often blight their lives. The accomplished libertine well knows the powerful lever he possesses in the skilful application of Platonics, for he is thus enabled to disarm any suspicions, which would otherwise naturally arise, as to the great attention he pays to the object of his desire.

It is indeed strange that husbands of the present day fail to comprehend the mass of villany and deceit disguised by the name of Platonics, which imperceptibly saps the foundations of their honour and happiness. It is quite a common thing to hear a lady say when speaking of one of her particular men friends, "His regard for me is, I assure you, of quite a brotherly or fatherly nature," as the case may be.

Benedict again deludes himself, when his attention is possibly drawn to the growing intimacy between his wife and his old friend, by exclaiming: "Well, I see no harm in it, she is quite like one of his own sisters," and thus dismisses a timely warning from his mind, which, in any other case, he would have fully investigated.

Any theory, no matter how attractive it may be, which is opposed to the known laws of nature, can but have a false base for its conclusions, which, if carefully analyzed will be found utterly worthless, but in this case, unfortunately, the deception it teaches is such that many will be blind to the faults which oftimes suit their convenience to pretend to believe in, so that they may disarm suspicion, and pander to their evil propensities, and if ever taxed with any indiscretion are ready with the excuse that what harm can there be in such "innocent Plantonics." Innocent, indeed! No person who has observed the workings of this system in society, can, doubt, for one moment, the amount of vileness, deceit, and sensuality, which is hidden under the cloak of Platoniic attachment.

Let this contemptible fraud be disclosed in its true colours, and no longer remain the false representation of virtuous attachment, in which shape it has and will yet do more to vitiate society than perhaps any other system has ever accomplished in the world's history. Profligacy in one of its worst forms, or physical incompetence, which both assume virtues they do not possess, are the true and only attributes of the much vaunted "Platonic Love."

MENTOR.

THE TIP FOR THE JOURNALISTIC "LEDGER."

So we're indecent, surely no,
Although we are exposed in "Bow,"
In "Cheapside" also, and 'tis so,
That we have anger caused to flow,
Most fierce from jealous "Ledger."

So that a chance he thought he'd catch,
And so he did, but met his match,
In "*London Life*," when he tried hatch,
A case again't us, but "Dispatch"
We'll give the envious dredger

For filth where none there is, for yes,
He's angry our immense success
And sale enormous has caused stress
On traffic, and we must confess,
Our journal crowds does lure.

So when "Our Boys," with good intent,
To earn an honest penny bent,
Before "Mc'Arthur" stern were sent,
Surely 'twas not with good intent.
"Indecent literature."

Was the expression used by one
Who we might surely think would shun
Suggestion gross to make, where none
Was justified by fact, nor run,
Or far away he'd roam.

If lines that were impure he'd seek,
Doubtless he would enjoy the freak,
But on returning look so meek,
And after swallowing the leek,
Say they were all at *home*.

"Our boys" he nicknames "hulking wretches,"
The truth he thereby grossly stretches,
On his imagination fetches,
And but displays his "Ledger" leches,
For filth in which he delves.

When he insinuates that we
Could ever so fainthearted be,
That we could ever really see,
"Our boys" displaying that which we
Dare not to vend ourselves.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury claims for the Church of England an "aggressive power against worldlin ess of every sort."

* * *

His Lordship's own life is a case in point. Archibald Campbell Tait has himself shown a wonderfully aggressive spirit in his own career.

* * *

Has he not fought his way from a pastor to a pastoral? His progress from London to Canterbury—from £10,000 to £15,000 a year—is an illustration of "agressive power," not to be underrated or despised.

* * *

Yet the Primate did it all for the glory of the Establishment, and in reproof of "worldliness of every sort."

* * *

So was his appointment of his own kith and kin to snug livings in the Church a sign that "worldliness of every sort" was discarded by him.

* * *

Well, to say the least, the man who wars against worldliness would be an arrant fool, while spiritual pursuits are so profitable, to devote his life to worldly occupations, and consequently a wise man to go in for church preferment.

* * *

More Dissolving Views. The session moves apace, and as it draws to a close the Lord Chancellor comes forward with a surprise. A new University Bill for Ireland, in which will be dissolved the Queen's University.

* * *

Lord Granville asked innocently if the Government had any serious intention of carrying it through.

* * *

How stupid of his lordship. Of course the mystery mongers mean to carry it through, and get it slaughtered with the Innocents.

* * *

Sir John Holker, our assinine Attorney General is irate at the presumption of the Lord Chief Justice in daring to express "astonishment" at his Criminal Code Bill's imperfections.

* * *

Sir John says he has forgotten more law than ever Cockburn knew. This confession accounts for Sir John's ignorance of the statutes at large.

* * *

"What can be expected from a Gray's Inn Bench-er?" asks Dr. Kenealy. "If you can't get blood out of a stone what can you carve out of a bench but a wooden head.?"

* * *

The "obedient majority" in the Commons have declined to allow the working man to vote at night. They fear he would be groping in the dark, and they have too much solicitude for his welfare, in an age of education and progress, to permit it.

* * *

Seeing the approach of a parliamentary dissolution, Mr. Samuda insists upon mixing himself up with the Liberals. He got in for the Tower Hamlets as one of the party, but his interest as a shipbuilder made the Jew apparent, when gain was in the way, and Samuda went with the Tories for "peace with honour." He had better remain in their ranks, or in his own yard. He will not have another opportunity of playing traitor to his pledge.

* * *

The London Meteorological Office is not over fortunate in its weather forecasts. It would be more successful if it were to prophecy the speedy downfall of the Downing Street gang of "meddlers and muddlers."

* * *

A firm in the Strand, who advertise fifty millions of unclaimed money, say they are patronized by the Prince of Wales. No doubt of it. His Royal Highness, as a Cornish Prince, is ever in search of tin.

* * *

The Toothpicks and Crutches have once more come to the front. They have migrated from Pall Mall to Egypt.

* * *

Ismail Pasha has been deposed by his Suzerain, the Sultan, at the instance of the haw-haws and quill suckers, and his rapacious son placed on his throne.

* * *

Tufil Pasha, commonly known as Toothpick Bosher, is as stupid a person as could be found in any part of the world, not excepting Belgravia, and will make an excellent puppet to be dangled before the public by the European wire pullers, bent upon establishing Imperialism throughout the world, at any price.

* * *

Only fancy such a weak creature in the hands of Bismarck, Beaconsfield, Waddington, and Andrassey. What a windfall to these Warwicks of the nineteenth century! What is to be expected from the "stupid party?"

PERSONAL RULE.

Verses supposed to be written by Lord Beaconsfield, during his solitary hours in Parliamentary Recess, at Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire. N.B.—Really a plagiarism on Cowper.

I am King of the Peers and the Realm,
" My right there is none to dispute;"
I am guide of the Empire's helm,
And Freedom and Peace can uproot.
Pray Liberty, where are the charms,
The Radicals see in thy face?
I once held thee tight in my arms,
But cut thee for power and place.

I am Captain, and Bos'n, and Mate,
Ship's Carpenter, Steward, and Cook;
And afloat in my cabin of state,
My subs shrink aghast at my look.
All the Able B's right through the ship,
When majesty walking they see,
Give their slacks and their top knots a hip:
I'm Lord of the Navy and Sea.

Everywhere I am ruler of men,
Great potentates bow to my nod;
And the world sees in Coningsby Ben,
A monarch who rules as a god.
Ere I quit my sublunary throne,
I'll break up the popular sway;
For Princes and Statesmen alone,
The Powers are men must obey.

Talk of Gladstone and Bright, and Bob Lowe,
The weakest men under the sun;
They're a set of paltroons who are slow,
To handle and use a great gun.
Of retrenchment and peace they may prate,
Of policy made to embroil;
They would honour the poorest estate,
Give me the proud lords of the soil.

No Imperial instincts they feel,
All Personal Rule they despise;
I would put the unwash'd 'neath my heel,
I heed not the multitude's cries.
What are famine and slaughter to me?
The world I must keep at my feet,
Otherwise, it is plain, there won't be
Any work for the army and fleet.

Landseer's lions are emblems of me,
They symbolize all that is great;
In the metal and silence you see
The powers that now guard our state.
Give the populace plenty of show,
But let not state secrets be wrung,
It is only great statesmen who know
The time to unbridle the tongue.

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